

FORTY SELECT
P O E M S

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

B Y

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of H*****N.

To which is added,

The Duke of ARGYLE'S LEVEE:

A P O E M,

Written by the late Lord BINNING, [and
spoken by Colonel CHARTRES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. H. BELL in Pater-noster-row.

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EPISTLE to the Earl of H*****N,

As from his Parson.

WHilst you indulge in gay delight,
And ly with harlots ev'ry night,
Without reflecting on the harms

Oft got in mercenary arms,
I for your danger pensive sit,
And pray to heav'n to send you wit.

Are you, who sit in highest place
Of all my church, so void of grace,
That you the fleeting hours employ
In vile sophisticated joy?
For I can guess what kind of dames
They are who cool your youthful flames.

A batter'd strum, who, since her prime,
Has liv'd in one continu'd crime,
And from each stallion ta'en a thrust,
Till she has e'en surviv'd her lust;
And now, for want, the thriftless jade
Still follows on the wretched trade;
And, tho' no kind of joy she feel,
Must still be turning up her keel,
And doth with wheedling tricks betray
Unthinking mortals ev'ry day.

Perhaps you'll say you're on your guard,
And, fearing to be thus ensnar'd,
Upon the common never stray,
But kiss the house-maid where you stay,

Who, at your call, is ever ready,
And doth the feat like any lady.

No doubt on't, as your footmen know,
On whom she freely doth bestow
Those favours you are forc'd to buy :
What ! rival your own footman ! fye !

Besides, consider, should you hap
To miss a pox or swinging clap,
Yet, if a bastard shall appear,
The brat may cost you full as dear.

Since such diseases wrong the health
And bastards do consume your wealth,
To fornication bid adieu,
And leave the rotten painted crew ;
Find out some virgin fair and young,
From honest, wealthy parents sprung,
With real love address the maid,
And be not of succe's afraid ;
She cannot sure resist those charms
That every female soul disarms ;
Her joyful parents shall consent,
And ev'ry day your wealth augment ;
Then you may pass your happy nights
In chaste and conjugal delights,
Your days be spent in joy and peace.
That this may ever be your case,

Is the fervent prayer of P. C.

A

Second EPISTLE to the Earl of H*****N.

BY good St. ANDREW, and the Thistle,

I was o'erjoy'd with your epistle :
It shews your wisdom and your sense,
That did not rashly take offence
At what was written by your friend,
Who only did your mirth intend.

I own it gives me grief to see
Young men from grace and virtue free,
Who bring (not thinking what they're doing)
Soul, body, and estate to ruin,
By loving women, wine, and game,
More than their honour, wealth, and fame.

Perhaps you'll think, by what I've said,
I'm old, and ev'ry way decay'd,
And, being past the taste of joy,
Against it all my wit employ.

That I am old must be confess'd,
And that I am long past my best :
But, tho' I've bid adieu to vice,
And neither value whores nor dice,
Despise god BACCHUS and the vine,
And water drink instead of wine,
Yet when I was as young as you,
Then I behav'd as others do,

And own I did too much incline
To gaming, women, and to wine ;
But, by th' experience I have had,
I know that all the three are bad.

However men the sex despise,
Women are virtuous, fair and wise,
Adorn'd by heav'n with ev'ry grace,
And seem of the angelic race :
That man is more than mortal blest'd,
Who is of such a one possess'd.
But yet we may too often find
A woman of a different kind,
Who, tho' by nature form'd to charm,
And that her eyes each heart alarm,
Yet, spite of youth, nay, wit and sense,
If she hath lost her innocence,
And that her soul to lust is giv'n,
Not all the beauties under heav'n,
Tho' they were in one harlot join'd,
Could e'er disturb my steady mind.

Yet I must own it for a truth,
The best of men, in heat of youth,
When wanton blood boils in their veins,
Lust then without a rival reigns ;
And they behave like thoughtless brutes,
Lying with common prostitutes,
Who have nor heat nor warm desire,
But lay their legs abroad for hire ;

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Nay, ev'n deluded by their charms,
May hug them in their eager arms,
And think it was their want that made
Such angels ply the wretched trade;
And if they should those wants remove,
They would not sin except for love.

On this they give them gold and notes,
Lac'd heads, silk gowns, and petticoats;
From top to toe equip them new,
And fondly hope they may prove true:
But he's a fool who hopes to find
A harlot either true or kind;
Since it is certain that no wench,
(Altho' she has no lust to quench)
Doth her stout brace of stallions want,
To whom she doth her favours grant.

Judge then what risk a man doth run,
Of being all at once undone;
For, if the nose forsake his face,
Heav'n knows it may be each man's case!
All hopes of joy he must give o'er,
And in the world appear no more:
What man of sense would purchase vice,
Tho' ne'er so sweet, at such a price?
Heav'n guard my friends from such as those
Who drain the purse, and flat the nose.

Yet

[vi]

Yet, spite of all that I can say,
We must great Nature's laws obey :
Woman, the greatest joy that heav'n
To mortals here below has giv'n,
The youthful heart will still inspire
With lawless love and hot desire.
Alas ! where can we pleasure find,
Except in beauteous womankind ?

Tho' some of them are slaves to vice,
And only sin thro' avarice,
Yet there are some who are not so,
But freely love for love bestow.
With such your happy hours employ,
And take, while young, your fill of joy ;
For age must come, indeed it must,
Then farewell love, and farewell lust ;
You'll then no more the sex pursue,
Believe me, friend, I tell you true :
Or if, by fond conceit, you're led
To take a female to your bed,
Your recreant limbs will fail you quite,
And you'll fall short of the delight ;
The slut will view you with contempt,
And scorn you for your vain attempt :
Each thing in season still is best ;
For young men love—for old men rest.

Thus

Thus much for women : now, I pray,
You'll hear with patience what I say
'Gainst wine, I mean against excess,
That modish word for drunkenness.

That men should pride themselves that they
Can drink another's sense away,
While they are not so drunk by half,
I own has often made me laugh,
When 'tis well known a hoghead can
Hold twice as much as any man.

If any man would coolly think,
How he appears when drown'd in drink,
I'm sure he would with caution use
The vile intoxicating juice.
Who would his reason quit or sense,
Put off the man, and brute commence,
When by it he can nothing gain
But sure remorse, and certain pain ?

What must he in a morning think,
Who stab'd a watchman in his drink ?
Or he who's chance it was to meet
With some lewd scourer in the street,
And, in a drunken frolic, led
A mangy strumpet to his bed ?
Since these are risks that drunkards run,
All wise men should the bottle shun.

For

For gaming, since it is a vice
 Proceeds alone from avarice,
 I hope I need but little say
 To make you loathe the thoughts of play;
 For sharpening rogues are sure to share
 His wealth who games upon the square;
 And, when he's lost his whole estate,
 He'll find his folly when too late.

But why should I take up your time
 With musty morals clad in rhyme,
 When you have sense enough to see
 The harm there is in all the three?

C O N-

C

Tale

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TALE I.

THE FRIGHT.

THAT there are true and faithful lovers,
Experience every day discovers :
Yet I'm afraid that very few
Of either sex can so subdue
Their natures, or their inclinations,
As to resist some strong temptations ;
Variety gives fresh delight,
And quickens up the appetite.

VOL. I.

B

Is

'Is love of change alone the cause
 That makes us break love's sacred laws?
 No: it often comes from a distrust,
 When we think females are unjust.
 If we behold a lovely maid,
 Who is resolv'd to be betray'd,
 A lover says, I should accuse
 Myself of folly to refuse
 A maid so fair, so full of charms,
 Whom fortune throws into my arms;
 I am not sure that she I love
 So constant to her vows would prove,
 But she'd forget all she had sworn,
 And do the like, perhaps, and more.
 Thus he, distrustful of the maid,
 To thousand follies is betray'd;
 And, quite neglecting all her charms,
 Will take a stranger to his arms.

The strongest oaths but weakly bind,
 And, us'd in love, are mostly wind;
 By sad experience I am taught,
 That solemn vows are good for naught:

Twice

Twice I have felt love's cruel dart,
Twice he has pierc'd my honest heart.
The first lov'd woman, many a time,
Said that it was the blackest crime
In females to forget their vow,
Or the least change in love allow,
Yet she, forgetting what she said,
Run from me at the masquerade.

The second swore more oaths than she,
That she would ever constant be ;
But, when I dream'd of being blest,
She went off with an alchymist.

If lovers and their fair ones wou'd
Continue true, continue good,
Let them of absence have a care,
For absence oft doth love impair.

Yet there is danger ev'n in this,
Some people surfeit upon bliss ;
Absence doth then augment desire
And adds new fuel to their fire.

'Methinks I hear a lover say,
 You've shewn the danger in our way,
 It would be kind if you would shew
 How we may still continue true.

But here I find my wisdom fail,
 And rather chuse to tell a tale.

A lady liv'd, not long ago,
 At Paris, where she made a show
 With coach'es, liv'ries, and what not,
 The lady's name I have forgot ;
 She still appear'd in pomp and state,
 Good cheer she made, and eat in plate.

With her fair ISABELLA stay'd,
 Was half her friend, and half her maid ;
 Beauty she had to that degree,
 That there were few so fair as she ;
 Here charming looks still rais'd desire
 In all, but LINDAR set on fire,
 Who with such zeal the fair pursu'd,
 That all her pride was soon subdu'd ;

And

And they, at last, so well agree,
That she deliver'd him the key ;
By which, and his strong passion led,
He came to ISABELLA's bed.

The loving pair did there renew
Their vows, and promis'd to be true :
But, as they were in search of joys,
They heard a dreadful kind of noise ;
Thunder and lightning flew about,
Like what Jove sent among the rout
Of earth-born sons, who, on a time,
To high Olympus meant to climb.

Tho' BELL was otherways employ'd,
The thunder all her bliss destroy'd ;
Her spirits fail'd, she trembling said,
Alas, dear LINDAR ! I'm afraid
The Gods are angry at our love,
Which makes them thunder from above :
Alas ! my dear ! how shall we save
Ourselves ? This bed will be our grave.

Whi-

Whither? ah! whither shall we fly?
 I'll to the cellar go, and try,
 If, by my pray'rs, I can appease
 The Gods, and make the thunder cease.

The lover beg'd the fair to stay,
 But all in vain, she would away:
 He would have gone with her, but she
 By no means would to that agree;
 But folding him within her arms,
 You have, said she, so many charms,
 That, if you went with me below,
 I love so well, I do not know
 But I might do that deed once more,
 For which the Gods in anger roar;
 I beg, dear LINDAR! you may stay,
 While I go down alone and pray.

Next door my lady's daughter staid,
 Who, tho' fifteen, was still a maid;
 The fairest creature e'er was seen,
 For eyes, for face, for shape, for mein;

Who

Who still was sweet, and always mild,
 And innocent as any child ;
 Who, frighten'd by the thunder, rose,
 And, without putting on her clothes,
 Just by her childish terror led,
 Came straight to ISABELLA's bed.

LINDAR, who dream'd on nothing less,
 Was much surpris'd, as one may guess,
 And to the other side did creep,
 Feigning to be in deepest sleep.

LYSETTA (so the girl was nam'd)
 The drowfy ISABELLA blam'd,
 Saying, Why do you turn away ?
 Within my bed I durst not stay.
 O turn ! and take me in your arms,
 Protect me from these dire alarms.

Young LINDAR, mov'd with her distress,
 Did in his arms the fair one press ;
 But, as the dreadful noise increas'd,
 The child clung closer to his breast,

That :

That love cou'd scarce have taught her better :
 Judge if it was an easy matter
 For him to counterfeit a maid,
 When she was on his bosom laid.

But soon **LYSETTA** frighted grew,
 And from his twining arms withdrew :
 Good God ! the harmless child cry'd out,
 And trembled all from head to foot,
 Are you a monster ? Tell me, pray,
 For, as I was the other day
 Upon the river with my mother,
 I saw quite naked such another ;
 I thought it had a woman been,
 And fair as any I had seen ;
 Something about its shape was new,
 But, as the creature nearer drew,
 Mamma cry'd out, with great surprise,
LYSETTA, turn away your eyes !
 It is a monster. Now, dear **BELL**;
 Are you a monster ? prythee tell.

LINDAR

LINDAR on this his silence broke,
And with a feigned accent spoke ;
No ; 'tis occasion'd by the fright
That I have been in all this night :
Have you not heard your nurse declare,
That fear has turn'd a man a hare ?
Nay some, thro' very fear and dread,
Had horns that grew upon their head.

LYSETTA, who but little knew,
Believed the idle fable true ;
And, being curious, laid her hand
On what she did not understand.
But, as the thunder louder grew,
She nearer still, and nearer drew,
At last her leg she o'er him threw ;
The opportunity he watch'd,
And thus the lucky minute catch'd.

But pray, what are you doing BELL ?
She said ; but yet I cannot tell—

B 5

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It is a droll—her breath did fail ;
And wicked LINDAR did prevail.

Yet, when the dreadful thunders roar,
She trembling as she did before ;
And, as she saw the darting light,
She still apply'd to LINDAR's fright,
That gave her courage and delight.
At last he begg'd she'd let alone,
And sighing said his fright was gone.

Of mortals 'tis th' unhappy state,
That, let our bliss be ne'er so great,
Yet transitory are our joys,
And ev'n our bliss our bliss destroys.
But heathen Gods, (as poets say)
In this their godheads do display,
And mankind do excel in this,
They rise from bliss to greater bliss,
Are always eager, never tire,
And vigour doth exceed desire.

The

[11]

The fair LYSETTA, still in fears,
To LINDAR spoke, all bath'd in tears :
Alas ! the thunder still grows louder,
I fear 'twill crush us all to powder :
Renew your fright, dear BELL, again,
'Tis that alone can ease my pain.

But her attempts did useless prove,
LINDAR had got enough of love.
The vex'd LYSETTA turn'd to sleep,
While LINDAR from the bed did creep.

However strong our longings are,
Tho' for our love we all things dare,
Yet when we once have reach'd the blessing,
We soon grow weary of possessing,
And want to leave the fair one's arms,
As much as erst to taste her charms.

LINDAR, who durst no longer stay,
Put on his clothes, and went away,

Fearing

Fearing lest BELL should end her pray'rs,
Nay, thought he heard her on the stairs.

Scarce had he made the street-door fast,
When BELL, who all the night had past
Upon her knees, in pious pray'r,
To still the tempest in the air,
Now, hearing all things calm and hush'd,
Again for loving LINDAR wish'd;
Whose circling arms she left with grief,
But now she hop'd for kind relief,
And went to bed in that belief.

Then to LYSETTA drawing near,
She whisper'd softly in her ear,
How can you sleep when I am here?
I have my fright recover'd now.

LYSETTA wak'd, and answer'd, How!
Thanks to the Gods, who still are kind.
But ah! dear BELL, I cannot find
A fright about you. BELL, on this,
Believ'd that she had heard amiss;

And,

And, by her feeling, did discover
It was LYSETT, and not her lover ;
Who told her all that past that night,
And spoke with raptures of the fright.

Thus BELL found out her lover's treason,
Was vex'd at heart, and she had reason.

Ye lovers, think on what I've said,
And judge, if such a lovely maid,
So young, so fair, so full of charms,
Should clasp you in her naked arms,
Whether you'd her embraces shun,
Or rather do as he had done.

TALE

T A L E II.

THE CRYSTAL BOTTLE.

IN Ormond-street, the other day,
A lady who, as people say,
Doth scold her maids like any shrew,
Nay very often beats them too,
Had got a maid so country bred,
That she still had her maidenhead.

Whene'er her mistress rais'd her voice,
She trembled at the dreadful noise,
And wish'd that quarter-day was come,
For much she long'd to be at home.

Her

Her lady call'd on Sunday last,
 You BRIDGET, BRIDGET, run in haste,
 And, from LAMB's conduit, bring me quick
 Some water, for I'm very sick.
 Poor BIDDY, all in terror, shook,
 And up a crystal bottle took ;
 Away she run,—alack the day !
 A curst stone lay in her way,
 And, just as she had reach'd the well,
 Down she and crystal bottle fell.

As PHAETON, that headstrong fool,
 Who wanted wit and strength to rule
 His father's steeds, look'd from on high,
 And saw the earth, the sea, and sky,
 All in a blaze, and thund'ring Jove,
 Arm'd with his light'ning, stand above,
 All pointed at his destin'd head,
 Whose burst he knew would strike him dead,
 So look'd poor BIDDY, when she found
 The shatter'd crystal on the ground ;

Too

Too well her lady's way she knew,
That all excuses, false or true,
Would be in vain ; in deep despair
She beat her breast, and tore her hair.

Alas ! she cry'd, there's not in nature
So lost and so undone a creature :
Whither, ah ! whither shall I fly ?
A handsome 'prentice standing by,
And seeing BIDDY all in grief,
Came kindly up to her relief ;
He saw the girl was wond'rous fair,
Black were her eyes, and brown her hair ;
Upon her cheeks sat blooming youth,
And charming was her little mouth :
Uncover'd was her lovely breast,
That swell'd, as wanting to be press'd.
She seem'd so form'd to give delight,
That DICK was wounded with the sight.

My dear, said he, I can't conceive,
Why one so fair as you should grieve.

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Alas ! she cry'd, I am undone,
 While from her eyes two torrents run ;
 I, by my cruel stars, am curs'd
 To serve of womankind the worst :
 Do well or ill, 'tis all the same,
 I cannot please the surly dame ;
 Altho' I give her no offence,
 Yet she will take the least pretence
 To rail and scold, nay beat me too,
 And make my sides both black and blue :
 Think, then, what welcome I shall meet,
 When I return to Ormond-street,
 To tell the glass, she thought so fine,
 Doth scatter'd on the pavement shine ?
 The dreadful thought I cannot bear ;
 No, death shall ease me of my care ;
 'Tis better far at once to die,
 Than bear her cruel tyranny :
 'Tis death alone can cure my grief,
 To death I fly to seek relief.

Alas !

Alas! said DICK, my charming fair,
 Why give you way to this despair?
 Would you, who ought to live in joy,
 With your own hands yourself destroy?
 Take courage, fair one, I shall find
 Another bottle of that kind.

No, no, she cry'd, 'tis all in vain;
 'Tis death alone can ease my pain.

Young DICK reply'd, tho' you must die,
 Yet I can see no reason why
 You kill yourself, since doctors tell,
 Self-murderers go down to hell;
 But, if you are resolv'd on killing,
 I'll do't, my dear, if you are willing.

With joy fair BRIDGET gave consent,
 And RICHARD, on her murder bent,
 Behind a quickset led the fair,
 To end her life, and end her care;

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There laid her down amongst the dew,
And run poor BIDDY thro' and thro'.

To those oppress'd with woe and grief,
Death is alone the sure relief :
At first poor BRIDGET lost her sight ;
She fainted, then she died outright.
But, when return'd to life again,
Her heart knew neither grief nor pain ;
Kind Sir, cry'd out the panting fair,
If thus you cure a maid's despair,
My lady, in a week or two,
Will have no bottles, old or new.

TALE

T A L E III.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A Handsome fellow, t'other day,
Easy, genteel, exceeding gay,
A fair, tho' arrant rude address'd,
Was half in earnest, half in jest.
At first the lovers sigh'd and vow'd,
No greater freedoms were allow'd ;
In time she heard him tell his pain ;
She heard, but heard him with disdain :
He sigh'd, he wept, he pray'd, he swore,
No real lover could do more :

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Whole hours at madam's feet he lay,
And ogling past his time away ;
But she, still deaf to all he said,
Declar'd she'd live and die a maid.

The lover saw this would not do,
He must another course pursue :
He found his sighs and tears were vain,
And but augmented her disdain,
But being impudent and rude
Perhaps might gain upon the prude ;
So, wholly bent on her undoing,
Thus wrought about the fair one's ruin.

A thousand apish tricks he play'd,
And sitting one day by the maid,
Held both hands out, and smiling said,
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,
Nine, ten ; I'm sure I've told them right ;
All this I can do in one night,
And, without boasting, I defy
A man on earth to do't but I.

This

This said, the cunning spark retir'd,
 While madam, with the story fir'd,
 Her fingers told. What ! eight, nine, ten !
 It cannot be : then told again.
 'Tis even so, yet I, forsooth,
 With scorn beheld this matchless youth,
 Despis'd his love, despis'd his charms,
 But now the man my bosom warms.
 I thought he made a little figure,
 And therefore treated him with rigour :
 But now he seems another creature,
 Improv'd in shape, in air, and feature.
 O ! would the youth make love again,
 He should no longer sigh in vain ;
 Tho' I'm a young and tender maid,
 I am not of his strength afraid ;
 I'll hug the dear, the charming man,
 Then let him kill me if he can.

Next day the bragging lover came,
 And shew'd his fingers to the dame.

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The charmer, who had laid aside
 Her airs, her prud'ry, and her pride,
 Put on a smile, and thus began :
 To me you seem the boldest man
 I ever knew : Strange things you tell,
 You say you all the world excel :
 Suppose I have a mind to try,
 If you spoke true, or told a lie,
 And you of your account fall short,
 When I've giv'n up my maiden fort,
 What do I next ? The wicked youth
 Swore he had only told the truth,
 What he had promis'd he'd make good ;
 And taking up a piece of wood,
 On it ten scores of chalk he drew :
 Take this, said he, and see that you,
 When I a finger do make good,
 Rub out one score from off the wood.

On this the fair one was content :
 They strip'd, and to the bed they went.

A while the silent pair were dumb,
But soon the prude rub'd out a thumb ;
A finger likewise disappear'd,
And other two were quickly clear'd :
Long time he kiss'd, then made a shift,
With much ado, to clear the fifth.

Thus far he did his promise keep,
Then quietly lay down to sleep.

On this the fair one, all in rage,
Her wearied lover did engage :
What ! traitor, am I thus betray'd ?
Is't thus you use a trusting maid ?
Half of your number is to come,
You want four fingers and a thumb ;
You promis'd ten ; say, Did you not ?
The lover, who enough had got,
Without once changing of his hue,
Did gravely answer, Very true,
I promis'd, but I can't perform ;
But yet, my dear, you need not storm ;

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I've done but half, I must confess,
But many are content with less,
And I, if you'll forgive my crime,
Will do the rest another time.

VOL. I.

C

TALE

T A L E IV.

THE LONGING WOMAN.

OFTEN have I thought why women,
In green sickness, or when teeming,
Should long for plaister, coals, or chalk,
And pine if we their fancies baulk.

Yet these things are not much amiss,
Nay, we should humour them in this :
But women, when they are with child,
Have sometimes longings far more wild,
As I shall shew you by and by,
If you'll with patience cast an eye

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On what I write. A Yorkshire squire,
 When years had left him little fire,
 Did with a youthful wife engage,
 To be the comfort of his age,
 For he had threescore winters told :
 But see th' almighty power of gold !
 He saw a neighbour's charming daughter,
 And of her greedy parents sought her.
 Her parents, by his riches blinded,
 Their daughter's pleasure little minded ;
 But JENNY view'd him with disdain,
 And wept—but all her tears were vain.

They gravely told her it was folly
 To whine, and be thus melancholy :
 They own'd, indeed, the squire was old,
 But he was blest'd with store of gold,
 And they'd take care he should appoint her
 A very comfortable jointure,
 That would (when he lay in his tomb)
 Soon bring a younger husband home.

At last poor JENNY gave consent
 To do what she could not prevent;
 So to the church they gravely went.
 The parson ty'd them fast for life,
 And JENNY was an old man's wife;
 The squire had all the joy he wanted,
 And all he ask'd his JENNY granted:
 She answer'd all his bills at sight,
 Whether at morning, noon, or night;
 Tho' very few demands he made,
 And JENNY had but little trade;
 But being young and likewise fair,
 She thought it folly to despair.

Fox-hunting was the squire's delight,
 He seldom did return till night:
 And while he thus his sport enjoy'd,
 His wife was otherwise employ'd;
 Tho' what she did I need not tell,
 At last the dame began to swell.

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This to her spouse she did declare,
 Who hoping strongly for an heir,
 With tears of joy embrac'd the fair.
 My dear, said he, my charming wife,
 Thou joy thou comfort of my life,
 My heart is overwhelm'd with joy,
 Pray heav'n the child may be a boy !
 Be what it will, I here declare
 That it shall be my only heir ;
 At least, I'll have no other wife,
 Tho' thou shouldst die, my dearest life,
 Which heaven forbid ; you're young my dear,
 And may live many and many a year.

JENNY, who was at first afraid,
 She had so oft the squire betray'd,
 Was highly pleas'd with what he said ;
 For she, who never thought amiss,
 Knew well the child was none of his.

And now came on her longing fits ;
 She long'd at first for dainty bits :

The

The husband all things got with care,
In hopes to see the with'd-for heir.

At last her longings grew so high,
She told her spouse she'd surely die,
Unless the parson would bestow
On her an inch of what you know.

My dear, the husband did reply,
Why, this is flat adultery.

I know not what it is, said she,
But if you won't with this agree,
I'm sure I'll die this very night,
And never bring the babe to light;
If you had lov'd me at this pinch,
You had not grudg'd a single inch.

Away the doating husband went;
The pious parson was content,
And proud that ladies, in their grief,
Should send for him to bring relief.

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The loving husband was at care
In managing this nice affair,
And, coming in, said to his wife,
The parson's come to save your life.

'Tis very well, said she, my dear.
But, when she saw the inch appear,
She curs'd and swore that she was wrong'd :
It was not for that inch I long'd,
You stupid blockhead, let me tell ye,
It was the inch that's next his belly.

T A L E

T A L E V.

The NINEVITE.

WHoe'er believes that want of sense
Can be to virtue a defence,
And keep a maid from doing ill,
May, if he pleases, think so still.
For me, of two things I am sure,
That honour cannot be secure,
And virtue may be soon ensnar'd,
When folly is its only guard.

To prove the truth of what I've said,
In Durham liv'd a charming maid,

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A prebend's daughter, young and fair,
 Her father's darling, mother's care :
 Never was finer figure seen ;
 But, ah ! she was a mere machine ;
 From wit, from sense, from knowledge free,
 She wonder'd one and two made three.
 But yet her eyes threw darts around,
 And SALLY many lovers found.

ACHILLES' spear, the poets say,
 Could wound, and pains of wounds allay ;
 So SALLY's tongue brought quick relief
 To those who suffer'd am'rous grief.

Her parents, conscious how she charm'd,
 With constant fears the fair alarm'd ;
 And begg'd their daughter to beware
 Of men, who would her heart insnare ;
 That she would her dear honour mind,
 And keep at distance from mankind,
 Who still would make attempts upon her,
 And strive to rob her of her honour.

But such was SALLY's ignorance,
That it was only by a chance,
As with a girl she talk'd one day,
She learn'd the place where honour lay;
Till then it was to her a riddle,
If 'twas in head, in feet, or middle:
But, now she knew its situation,
She shew'd her virtue and discretion;
And to secure it, night and day,
Upon her honour sat or lay;
On this position she rely'd,
And honour's enemies defy'd;
Asleep or waking, 'twas the same,
And, when into a room she came,
Still mindful of the main affair,
Secur'd her honour on a chair.

Her filly parents were amaz'd,
And in their hearts her conduct prais'd;
They saw she minded what they said,
Nor fear'd she now could be betray'd;

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And therefore begg'd that she would go
To ev'ry ball and ev'ry show.

Her parents she in this obey'd,
Yet still the idiot was afraid,
And never could be brought to dance,
Lest she might meet with some mischance :
But to her cousin TOM declar'd
Her love to honour and its guard ;
That, when she sat on't, she was sure
Her dear lov'd honour was secure,
But if she danc'd, or jump'd about,
She fear'd her honour might drop out.

The lewd young dog, o'erjoy'd at this,
To SALLY said, My pretty miss,
What you, my dear, have said is true,
But I will tell you what I'll do :
Go with me, till those people sup,
So close I'll stitch your honour up,
That without other guard you may
Be free from fear by night or day.

See

See how a fool may be deceiv'd,
The changeling the young rake believ'd;
And stealing out, ask'd at the spark,
If he could do it in the dark.

Yes, yes, said TOM. But SALLY said,
'Twill hurt my honour, I'm afraid.
The first stitch only, said the rake,
Perhaps may make your honour ake.

TOM stitch'd and stitch'd as long's he cou'd,
And swore his workmanship was good;
But when he meant to go away,
Wife SALLY cry'd, Dear TOMIE, stay;
You have not stitch'd me half, I fear,
Feel, TOMIE, what a gash is here!

TOM, sighing, said, That's true, indeed,
But now I am run out of thread;
And going off, the fair one cries,
Dear TOMIE, you are telling lies,
And only make a false excuse,
You still have left two swinging clews.

T A L E

T A L E VI.

MUCH NOISE AND LITTLE WOOL.

A true STORY.

A Mountain once, in days of old,
 (By merry Æsop we are told)
In labour was; the midwives all,
Both male and female, short and tall,
About her came to bring relief,
And ease the mountain of her grief;
Strong were her throws, and loud her moans,
And eccho answer'd back her groans;
All wonder at the dire portent,
And trembling waited the event.

At

At last a dreadful cry was heard,
And streight a little mouse appear'd ;
Shame seiz'd on all the gazing crew,
Who curs'd the mountain, and withdrew.

These little tales, call'd allegories,
Have been of special use in stories ;
And men, who durst not name the matter,
In fables hid the keenest satire :
But all such caution I dispise,
I tell my tale without disguise.

The opening of all missive letters
(With all due deference to my betters)
A custom is, that I declare
I neither honest think nor fair.
May I not be in love, or debt ?
In a good humour, or a pet ?
Or kiss a harlet in the dark ?
But in two days a post-house clerk
Shall to some other man discover,
That I'm a bankrupt, or a lover ;

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I either way meet with disgrace,
Yet this is very oft the case.

Not long ago an open'd letter
Was full of treasonable matter :
One who had lately left this isle,
And stay'd at Utrecht for a while,
Wrote to his friend : Dear JACK, said he,
At last, I'm safe got cross the sea,
Where I your orders shall obey
In every thing and every way ;
Ten dozen armour good and new,
As any warrior ever knew,
The best that Holland can afford,
I've bought, and safely put on board
A ship belonging to Kirkcaldie,
The skipper's name is ROBERT WALDIE ;
They'll serve you for the next campaign ;
In spring I shall be home again :
Farewel ; God blefs our sovereign.

This letter, as I said, was seiz'd,
And much the post-house clerk displeas'd,
Who

Who to some great men quickly went,
That packets northwards might be sent.

The custom-house strict orders got,
That, for preventing of a plot,
They'd seize on WALDIE and his ship,
And on their lives not let her slip ;
Nay, plainly told them they had reason
To think the ship was fraught with treason.

To Edinburgh these orders came,
The custom-board, all men of fame !
Wise, solid, prudent, skill'd in law,
From pretty † BRENT to *Tete comme ça*,
Thought it was fit they should consult
The magistrates, as men adult.

They

† Two Commissioners of the Customs. Mr. C——LL of S——field, one of these, being in France, and wanting a calf's head for dinner, expressed himself thus — *tete comme ça*, at the same time pointing to his own head ; by which name he was afterwards ludicrously distinguished.

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They did, and then it was decreed
To man their sloops and boats, with speed,
With honest men, that were most handy
In seizing, I mean, running brandy.

On this the boats were sent away,
And met with WALDIE near the May ;
And, tho' the wind was in their teeth,
Brought ship and cargo up to Leith.
The captain knew not what they mean'd,
And for some time believ'd they dream'd :
But when they for his arms inquir'd,
His owners names, and by whom hir'd ;
Of arms he said he nothing knew,
And, if they'd search, they'd find it true.

They wonder'd he'd the truth deny,
Since they could catch him in a lie,
But rather wish'd he'd speak the truth ;
Then ask'd him, if from such a youth,
He got no arms ? For that, said he,
You shall that armour quickly see ;

I have them lying in my trunk ;
 I own the gentleman was drunk
 When he deliver'd me the pacquet,
 For which your honours make this racket.

In anger to his chest he went,
 And a seal'd bundle did present ;
 For arms it seem'd to be too light,
 But opening it, they saw a sight
 That made them look like lifeless dogs,
 To wit, the bladders of some hogs,
 A-top with scarlet ribbon ty'd,
 By which some warriors defy'd
 The dangers, and the dreadful harms,
 That now are got in harlots arms.

May they, who, without any ground,
 The joys of friendship thus confound,
 When hoping to find out a plot,
 Get heaps of cundums to their lot ;
 May fortune still these people chouse,
 And every mountain bring a mouse.

T A L E

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TABLE VII.

The QUESTION answered.

TELL me, friend JOHN, do, if you can,
What is the reason, if a man
Attempts to take a lady fair
By you know what, lyes you know where,
That, while he lives, he still shall find
The female, be she cross or kind,
Fret, frown, and push his hand away?
Tell me the reason, tell me pray.

Thought

Thoughtful and sage JOHN sat a while,
Then answer'd THOMAS with a smile :
THOMAS, a case you never put,
But it begins or ends in smut ;
None but the wicked can applaud ye,
Since all your thoughts still run on bawdy :
But yet, for once, my friend, I'll try,
If I your doubts can satisfy.

Women make still a great pretence
To modesty and innocence,
And about virtue make a rout ;
This is the reason, without doubt.
Ah, friend ! said THOMAS, with concern,
I see you are but still to learn ;
Your understanding's good for naught,
And you are better fed than taught.
Virtue and modesty's a story
As little thought on as JOHN DORRY.
Listen, you shall the reason know ;
Whene'er you thrust your hand below,

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All women, be they black or fair,
 Know that a hand is useless there ;
 But if from May-day to Decémber,
 You offer there the proper member,
 Push as you will to give them pain,
 They'll neither wince, nor yet complain.

T A L E

T A L E VIII.

WELL JUDGED.

AN alderman, a wealthy cit,
One morning met a man of wit ;
Dear DICK, said he, I like your way,
You're always cheerful, always gay ;
Yet, if what I have heard be true,
Fortune has been unkind to you,
And has deny'd the only blessing
We citizens think worth possessing ;
'Tis wealth I mean, and that your sense
Is oft more current than your pence.

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Good faith, reply'd our merry spark,
 My worthy friend, you've hit the mark ;
 I very often know the curse
 Of being with an empty purse ;
 A sad disease, and, I am sure,
 I gladly would find out a cure ;
 For, since the truth must be confest,
 It very often breaks my rest :
 It blunts my humour, dulls my wit.
 'Tis very well, reply'd the cit,
 The sickness known, the cure is easy,
 And I shall do my best to please ye.
 What think you of a wealthy wife ?
 Could you endure the married life ?
 A woman with ten thousand pound,
 Young, blooming, cheerful, fair, and sound,
 May soon be had, if you incline :
 What answer give you, friend of mine ?

The merry spark a while was dumb,
 He scratch'd his head, and bit his thumb,
Look'd

Look'd very wise, and very grave,
Then to the cit this answer gave :
My friend, I am not such a sot,
If such a marriage could be got,
As to refuse to tye the knot ;
But, I'm afraid, you'll scarcely find
A fortune of that gen'rous mind,
Who will her hopes of greatness quit,
And wed a poor man for his wit ;
Nay, I for ever do despair
To get a wife both rich and fair.

The alderman reply'd, I see
Your want of faith and trust in me ;
But, ere to-morrow come, I may
Shew you a proof of what I say ;
Come dine with me, I know what's what,
I have three girls—but, mum for that :
You'll have for dinner beef and fish,
And wine as good as you can wish.
My girls can dance, can sing and play,
And are, like you, for ever gay.

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My wife, you know, is dead long since,
And I live merry like a prince :
You know enough's as good's a feast,
And you shall be a welcome guest.

I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,
Said DICK, you act a friendly part ;
Would I could shew my gratitude
To one so very kind and good :
But what's within my power I'll do,
And be obedient still to you.

The alderman, with great content,
Home to his house with RICHARD went ;
Who, tho' he there had often been,
Yet never had the daughters seen :
But now the father meant that he
Should have a fight of all the three.

Down stairs they came; and RICHARD swore
He ne'er beheld such charms before ;

VOL. I.

D

Beauty

Beauty and youth, and ev'ry grace,
 Alike adorn'd each smiling face ;
 A sprightliness in all appear'd,
 And ev'ry look his bosom cheer'd ;
 His soul was ravish'd with delight,
 And flutter'd at the joyous sight.

And now they all at dinner sat,
 And past their time in merry chat ;
 But love had riss'd RICHARD'S quiet,
 And made him quite neglect his diet ;
 By turns the sisters he survey'd,
 And thus, at length, his wit display'd:

The haughty wife of thund'ring Jove,
 MINERVA, and the Queen of love,
 Three Goddesses (as we are told)
 From heav'n came down, in days of old ;
 The prize of beauty was the end,
 That made these Goddesses descend.
 Since discord had an apple giv'n,
 That much disturb'd the peace of heav'n ;
 For she, till then, had been a guest
 At ev'ry marriage, ev'ry feast ;

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But, with her endless malice tir'd,
 Her presence they no more desir'd.
 This so enrag'd the spiteful dame,
 That she to high Olympus came,
 And 'mongst the Goddesses she threw
 A golden apple, then withdrew,
 And, grinning, said, Let this be giv'n
 To her that fairest is in heav'n.

Each Goddess strove to seize the fruit,
 And rais'd in heav'n a great dispute ;
 But when the three that I have nam'd
 Each for herself the apple claim'd,
 The lesser Goddesses were mute,
 And left with grief the golden fruit ;
 Yet would no God in heav'n decree
 Who had th' advantage of the three,
 At last the Gods desir'd that they
 To IDA's mount would take their way,
 And there find out some shepherd youth,
 Whose untaught soul knew only truth,
 Free from ambition and from pride,
 Who only could the cause decide.

D 2

O happy

O happy PARIS ! it was you
 Three naked Goddeses did view,
 And to Lovè's queen gave up the prize ;
 But, spite of sense, and spite of eyes,
 If you had these bright sisters seen,
 The choice had not so easy been ;
 You ne'er had ended the dispute,
 Nor known to whom to've giv'n the fruit.

DICK's flatt'ry all the sisters pleas'd,
 While raptures on the father seiz'd.
 Dear DICK, he cry'd, to tell the truth,
 Thou art a most bewitching youth ;
 Whate'er you do with ease is done :
 I wish I had you for a son.
 And now, my friend, and daughters dear,
 To what I say, pray lend an ear ;
 I wish, dear RICHARD, you'd agree
 To take a wife out of the three :
 Ten thousand pounds to each I'll give,
 And make it better if I live,
 And she on whom my DICKY pitches,
 Shall ne'er complain for want of riches.

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DICK, at this strange discourse amaz'd,
 Upon the blushing sisters gaz'd,
 He fear'd it was th' effect of drink,
 And knew not what to say or think ;
 No wealth, no money, had he got,
 Nor was he worth a single groat.

But th' alderman began again,
 And did his former speech explain :
 Dear daughters, I have wealth in store,
 Nor do I ask or wish for more :
 DICK is my friend, but DICK, you know,
 No kind of jointure can bestow ;
 But DICK has sense, and DICK has wit,
 And DICK for ev'ry thing is fit,
 While elder brothers, as you know,
 Are good for nothing, but for show,
 I ne'er cou'd bear these gaudy boys,
 Of all mankind DICK is my choice.

The smiling sisters own'd, for truth,
 They had no quarrel to the youth ;

But

But yet they thought it was but fair
That RICHARD should his mind declare.
On this the charming maids withdrew,
And left poor DICK, I know not how.

The alderman, his daughters gone,
And he and RICHARD left alone,
A bumper fill'd. Dear DICK, said he,
Here is a health to all the three ;
Take which of them best pleases thee.

Dear Sir, said DICK, I cannot tell,
I love them all so very well ;
They all of them such charms possess
That I am puzz'led, I confess :
Had I but one bright beauty view'd,
With ease she had my heart subdu'd ;
But when that three, with equal charms,
A heart like mine at once alarms,
Each form'd alike for heav'nly joys,
I know not how to make a choice.

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PARIS, as I have lately told,
 (But that was in the days of old)
 When three bright ladies of the sky
 To him, as umpire, did apply,
 Made them their heav'nly robes unpin,
 And stripp'd each Goddess to the skin.
 But now such freedoms will not pass,
 Tho' we with ease may find a lass,
 Who will all night ly by our side,
 Yet such is now the sex's pride,
 That tho' we flatter, fawn, and beg,
 The saucy thing won't shew her leg.

Your daughters, Sir, are heav'nly fair ;
 But when their beauties I compare,
 I freely own I can't discover
 To which of them I'm most a lover ;
 But, if their wit you'll let me try,
 I'll soon find out the mystery.

Yet let each maid keep on her mask,
 'Till I one single question ask ;

For

For I must candidly confess,
It favours much of wantonness,
And on their cheeks may raise a blush,
And that, I swear, I do not wish :
But since I am to chuse a wife,
And that the comfort of my life
Depends upon the lucky chance,
Forgive me this extravagance.

The alderman was well content,
And for his charming daughters sent,
To whom he told what DICK had said,
And hop'd they would not be afraid,
Since sure it would be no hard task
To answer what his friend would ask ;
And begg'd, since one must be a bride,
They'd lay all bashfulness aside.

The maids consent, and DICK, on this,
Of each fair sister took a kiss ;
These kisses set his heart on fire,
And in him rais'd such strong desire,

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That he stood trembling and amaz'd,
And on each lovely charmer gaz'd.

The masks were fix'd, and Dick begun,
I wish, dear ladies, I could shun
The asking questions, but I find
I am so much to all inclin'd,
That, in my soul, I can't agree
Who is the dearest of the three ;
Whoe'er I get, I'm sure of joys,
Yet I'm confounded in my choice ;
But since you gen'rously submit
To make a trial of your wit,
Forgive me, fair ones, then, if I
Your knowledge by a question try ;
And pardon me, if to your ears
The question something odd appears :
Whether the mouth that's in your face,
Or that in a more hidden place,
The eldest is ? Who answers best
Shall triumph in my happy breast,
If with that breath the fair one gives
A reason why she so believes.

The masks their rosy cheeks conceal'd,
While blushing necks their shame reveal'd.

The first-born daughter said, In truth
I think the eldest is my mouth,
Since in it there are teeth of bone,
In that below, I'm sure, are none.

The second said, The seat of love
Is eldest ; for the mouth above
Upon its lips no hair can show,
But I have got a beard below ;
And added, with a kind of rage,
Is not a beard a sign of age ?

The youngest sister, smiling, said,
I'm but a young and silly maid ;
But yet I think the mouth above
Is elder than the seat of love ;
And what I say I thus evince :
My upper mouth was wean'd long since,
And flesh, and fish, and bones can eat,
But mouth below longs for the teat.

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RICHARD on this embrac'd the fair,
 And for the youngest did declare ;
 He marry'd her with great content,
 And never did his choice repent.

TALE

T A L E IX.

T H E C R A B.

THERE stands a town 'twixt Wemyss
and Leven,
Well known in Fyfe, and call'd Buckhaven,
For fishers fam'd : these hardy fellows,
Tho' ÆOLUS blow all his bellows,
Yet go to sea, and never care
Whether the wind be cross or fair ;
Their trade is fish, they sell the best,
Their wives and brats eat up the rest ;
And tho' they feed on nought but fish,
They give new names to ev'ry dish ;

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Nay, tho' ridiculous, ne'er care,
 For haddocks are call'd capons there ;
 And, what to strangers gives surprise,
 They call the crabs Buckhaven pies ;
 And these they have in so great plenty,
 That for a penny they'll sell twenty.

Not long ago their parson dy'd,
 But soon they got their church supply'd
 By one who always did maintain,
 That there was godliness in gain ;
 What in next world there might betide
 He knew not, but he would provide
 A treasure in this present life :
 To this agreed his thrifty wife,
 Who ev'ry day provided fish,
 Not only as the cheapest dish,
 But that she knew they would inspire
 Mafs THOMAS' blood with warm desire ;
 And sure there could be no offence
 In loving due benevolence.

Thus

Thus they went on in great content,
And kept a cheap luxurious lent ;
Their wealth each day increas'd, their nights
Were past in conjugal delights,
And master THOMAS and his wife
Alike admir'd the happy life.

But ah ! how transient are our joys !
Old Satan oft our bliss destroys,
And is offended out of measure,
When he can't sour our peace and pleasure :
Ungrateful Satan, how couldst thou
Thy malice to this couple shew ?
Did e'er Mafs THOMAS, or his wife,
Do wrong to thee in all thy life !
Did he in act, or in opinion,
Disturb the peace of thy dominion ?
No, he was quiet, honest, civil,
And thought it sin to cheat the devil ;
Yet thou a curs'd trick didst play,
And the well-meaning pair betray.

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I've told that fish was all their food,
 But still they had them fresh and good ;
 Six crabs they on a day had got,
 And boil'd four of 'em in the pot,
 The other two 'till night they kept,
 Who thro' the house at freedom crept ;
 But one of them, oppress'd with thirst,
 Crawl'd to a tub where madam piss'd,
 And, with the saltness pleas'd, did stay
 Until the shutting in of day.

'Twas winter-time, the days were short,
 Mafs THOMAS in his chair did snort,
 As was his custom, while his spouse
 Went like a bee about the house ;
 For she, of housewives far the best,
 From morn to night would never rest,
 But turn'd her hand to ev'ry thing
 That could a penny save or bring :
 Two maids she had, the one was spinning,
 The other one was dressing linen ;

So,

So, seeing nothing was amiss,
She to the jorden went to piss.

The crab, who thought on no such matter,
Astonish'd with t'ie scalding water,
Thrust out her claw, I do not joke ye,
And took fast hold of her TU QUOQUE.

In dreadful pain, and great surprise,
Poor madam fill'd the house with cries;
Her husband wak'd, and to her came,
And kindly ask'd what ail'd the dame.
Alas! she cry'd, my dear, I'll tell ye,
The dev'l has got me by the belly;
O help me, husband! help! she cry'd;
Meantime she all her clothes unty'd;
For haste her milk-white smock she tore,
And threw off every rag she wore.

Mas THOMAS, when he saw her grief,
Assuring her of quick relief,
Kneel'd down, in hopes to ease the fair;
But crab, who had of claws a pair,

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His pious purpose did oppose,
And snap'd the parson by the nose.

Mass THOMAS now to roar began,
She call'd her maid, he call'd his man,
Who running to them with a light,
Were quite confounded with the sight ;
The parson's wife, without her clothes,
And at her — her husband's nose,
Where long enough it might have stay'd,
But NANN, a clever handy maid,
Depriv'd the wicked crab of life,
And so reliev'd both man and wife ;
Who, much offended with the pain,
Swore ne'er to taste shell-fish again.

TALE

TALE X.

THE CHAPLAIN.

A Handsome lady, young and gay,
By nature form'd for am'rous play,
Forc'd by her mother, and by fate,
Was marry'd to a rev'rend mate :
A Surrey knight of sixty-five,
And dull as any man alive.

But he, who has of gold enough,
Needs never want such household stuff.
The world is now so full of vice,
That if a man pays down the price,

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He'll find some mothers are not shy
 To sell what he is fond to buy ;
 And he may either get a wife,
 Or, if he hate a marry'd life,
 And only wou'd a leman seek,
 She'll hire her daughter for a week,
 Nor think the girl a pin the worse,
 If he will but untie his purse.

This with Miss JENNY was the case ;
 She once was sold to please his grace,
 Who, thinking she had been a maid,
 Five hundred pounds her mother paid ;
 But JENNY was a clever lass,
 And of his honour made an ass :
 Her cousin TOM, a sprightly lad,
 A year before that jewel had ;
 But JENNY had reserv'd the case,
 Which gave contentment to his grace.

The duke soon slacken'd in his flame,
 And old Sir RALPH a wooing came,
 Who,

Who, notwithstanding of his age,
 In marriage trammels wou'd engage ;
 Tho' such an old and feeble brute
 Did ill with JENNY's temper suit :
 But wife mamma her daughter told,
 Sir RALPH was rich though he was old,
 And she should have as much a year
 To buy her pins, as what the peer
 Had paid her for her maidenhead ;
 And, when the doting monster's dead,
 Your jointure shall be such that you
 In marrying him shall never rue :
 Besides, my dear, you cannot tell
 But you may soon begin to swell ;
 Think, JANE, if that should be your fate,
 Your child wou'd heir Sir RALPH's estate :
 Nor think, dear child, that I expect
 You shou'd your youth and joys neglect ;
 Of love and pleasure take your fill,
 And cuckold him whene'er you will.

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When JANE this sage discourse had heard,
 Her former scruples all were clear'd,
 And chearfully, that very night,
 Was marry'd to the stupid knight,
 Who was transported with the joy
 Of having got her virgin toy.

Sir RALPH, delighted with his choice,
 In his dear JENNY did rejoice,
 And took her to his house next day,
 Where all was splendid, all was gay :
 'Tis true the knight was not so ready
 At one amusement, as my lady ;
 But yet she did not take it ill,
 For cousin TOM was with her still.
 But when her friend to London went,
 'Twas then that she began her lent :
 Sir RALPH was sparing of his flesh,
 And seldom did his spouse refresh ;
 Who, finding that her aged knight
 Doz'd all the day, slept all the night,
 Behav'd her like a prudent dame,
 And look'd about for younger game,

Sir

Sir RALPH, a churchman true and keen,
Still lov'd SACHEVEREL and the queen ;
And tho' they were both dead and rotten,
Thought they should never be forgotten ;
And piously each day in stealth
Drank to the queen and doctor's health ;
For tho' he knew they were in glory,
He sighing said, he shou'd be sorry
They were forgot by any Tory.

His chaplains all from Oxford came,
Men orthodox, whose hearts did flame
With holy zeal for mother church,
The disciples of doctor BIRCH.

His present chaplain, doctor SPEED,
Is of the true DODWELLIAN breed,
Denies the privilege of damnation
To all dissenters in the nation ;
Since, wanting souls, they could not go
To heav'n above, or hell below ;
Yet otherwise he is, by nature,
A kind, obliging, loving creature ;

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He pities women in distress,
And makes their husbands labour less.

For wives, as I am told, may want
What an old husband scarce can grant ;
And therefore, when in greatest need,
Apply themselves to doctor SPEED,
Who never their request denies,
But kindly with their wish complies ;
For he is handsome, young and strong.
Smug-faced and neat ; nor was it long
Before her ladyship began
To view with love the pious man ;
But, tho' she meant him for a lover,
She did not any thing discover,
And only made a few advances
By little hints and wanton glances.

The doctor is a cunning youth,
And very soon found out the truth,
And meant that day to shew my lady
That for her service he was ready ;

Nor

Nor did he let occasion slip,
 For, finding her fair ladyship
 Pretending sleep upon the bed,
 He to her crept, and nothing said ;
 First took her coats up, next her linen,
 And then began to downright finning.

At last my lady rais'd her eyes,
 And seem'd to look with great surprise.
 Tell me, you saucy cur, said she,
 Who gave this privilege to thee !

Madam, (and there he stopt awhile)
 The doctor answer'd with a smile,
 If I have giv'n the least offence,
 I'll do no more, but fly from hence.

You fool, said she, perform your task,
 I only did the question ask.

TALE

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T A L E X I.

THE INK BOTTLE.

A Scriv'ner once, a driv'ling sot,
A young and handsome wife had got,
Who never cou'd resist temptation,
But felt a constant titillation.

ROBIN was old, and often sick,
And scarcely kiss'd her once a week ;
Such usage did but ill agree
With one so young, so hot as she,
Who found that she had love in store
For him and twenty lovers more :

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And

And, being in her youthful prime,
 Resolv'd no more to lose her time,
 But, while her husband wrote indentures,
 To go in search of love adventures.

A woman, if she's young and fair,
 Of lovers never can despair;
 That this is an undoubted truth,
 Ask ROBIN's wife, the handsome RUTH,
 Who now of stallions has a score,
 And ev'ry week is adding more,
 With whom she trafficks ev'ry day,
 And sends them satisfy'd away;
 Is ever kissing, toying, shoving,
 And knows no end of lust or loving.

Tho' she can weary all her lovers,
 No weariness she e'er discovers,
 But in the pastime takes delight,
 And change restores her appetite.

Amongst her friends are men of figure,
 She chooses others for their vigour;

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If they perform what she desires,
 She seldom of their birth inquires,
 And, wisely hating empty show,
 Prefers the footman to the beau.

One day she saw a handsome Black,
 With brawny legs and sturdy back,
 Well shap'd, broad shoulder'd, young and tall,
 As he stood pissing 'gainst the wall,
 His instrument of generation
 Rais'd up in RUTH an inclination
 To try if white or black was best,
 And meant to put it to the test.
 She straight for OROONOKO sent ;
 The jolly footman was content :
 She felt his skin, and then began
 To strip the footy African :
 That naked trials were the best
 She knew, and so herself undress'd.

Never was seen so odd a fight,
 For RUTH was like a lily white,

And he as any raven black ;
 But soon he threw her on her back :
 To me they seem'd, (for I and NANNY,
 Hid in a closet, thro' a cranny
 Distinctly saw each thing that past)
 While her white limbs were round him cast,
 Like to a cann I once did buy,
 Of ebon hoop'd with ivory.

But NAN, a young and wanton whore,
 Enlarg'd the cranny in the door,
 And said, Heav'n guard us all from evil,
 An angel battles with the devil ;
 But I my maidenhead will lay
 The little angel gains the day ;
 Tho' Satan wrestles to a wonder,
 And strives to keep the angel under,
 Yet you shall see, mark what I tell ye,
 The angel ride on Satan's belly.

In truth the little slut had skill,
 For in a moment he lay still,

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And then sunk down by RUTH her side,
 Who presently got up to ride :
 Kick how he could she still held fast,
 And got the victory at last ;
 Yet RUTH declar'd, that never man
 Was like her charming African ;
 And begg'd he wou'd come back next day,
 For she had something more to say.

In these diversions honest RUTH
 Employ'd her person and her youth,
 While ROBIN ply'd his gray goose wing,
 And never dream'd of such a thing.
 But RUTH continu'd at this sport,
 Until her petticoats grew short.
 This gave great joy to silly ROBIN,
 Who thought that by his weekly jobbing,
 He in his wife had rais'd this tumour,
 Which put him in a merry humour.

But, when a tawny boy crept out,
 The witlefs fool began to doubt,

And,

And, all enrag'd, he said to RUTH,
Thou Delilah, confels the truth ;
Come, all thy wicked dealings tell,
Make haste, thou curst JEZEBEL.

RUTH, smiling on him, said, My dear,
Why do I such harsh language hear ?
My virtue is well known to you,
I ever have been chaste and true,
And hop'd that this my little boy,
That gave me grief, wou'd give you joy.

Yes, so it wou'd, said he, in wrath,
But, impudence, I have not faith
To think, when you and I are fair,
That we shou'd have a tawny heir.

RUTH rais'd her voice, and said, You sot,
You drunken beast, have you forgot,
Nine months ago o'ercome with drink,
You spilt, at least, a quart of ink
Full on your breast, it stain'd your skin ?
But you was on a merry pin,
And laid me down, then thrust it in ;

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It was the ink that came from you,
That gave my babe that dusky hue :
Pox rot you, for a nasty brute,
Who did your milk-white wife pollute.

This answer gave him joy and life,
He kiss'd the boy, and hugg'd his wife.

TALE

T A L E XII.

THE SIMPLETON.

MEN, who are set on doing evil,
Have no regard to God or devil,
But impiously pursue their course,
Without reflection or remorse ;
And, to accomplish their intent,
Ten thousand wicked tricks invent,
And make the cheating maids and wives
The joy and bus'ness of their lives :
For, when they have a wife betray'd,
Or stole the honour from a maid,
They

They pride themselves in what they've done,
And boast the conquest they have won.

To prove the truth of what I've said,
Not long ago a handsome maid,
Bred in the country, innocent,
To London to a sister went,
A virtuous woman and discreet,
Who lodgings let in Suffolk-street.

O'erjoy'd she was to see her sister,
And, running to her, kindly kiss'd her ;
Then, soon as they had set them down,
Said gravely to her, NANNY BROWN,
Since I have brought you up to town,
I hope you will be rul'd by me,
Who always have been fond of thee :
I see, dear child, you're very fair,
But of thy beauty have a care ;
Believe me, in this wicked place,
A handsome shape, a lovely face,
Brings many woman to disgrace :

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Beware, dear NANNY, what you do,
And let the men in vain pursue.

NANNY a country court'sey dropp'd,
And, blushing, answer'd, that she hop'd
To be observing of her duty,
But she was sure she had no beauty.
She said, The beauties all are fair ;
Have light blue eyes, and flaxen hair ;
But mine is like the down of crows,
And eyes are black as any flocks,
No man will think me worth his while.
Her sister answer'd, with a smile,
Trust not to that, but have a care,
Tho' you are black, they'll think you fair ;
Never believe a word they say,
For all they mean is to betray.
The men are all in morals loose,
And I've a lodger in the house,
Who, tho' he seems exceeding young,
Has cunning, and a flatt'ring tongue ;

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And, tho' I'm something past my prime,
 Has try'd my virtue many a time :
 And, NANNY, to confess the truth,
 He is a most bewitching youth.
 But I have all his wiles defy'd,
 And to this hour his suit deny'd ;
 Yet I as freely own, I doubt
 If I can hold much longer out :
 But I'll call pride to my assistance,
 And, if I can, still make resistance.

Yet, dearest NANNY, should I grant
 Those favours that he seems to want,
 And yield him all, I am secure,
 I cannot any harm endure ;
 For I an honest husband have,
 And marriage will my honour save ;
 Nay, tho' my spouse shou'd be beguil'd,
 He never will suspect the child.
 On th' other hand, my dear, if you,
 A thing like what I speak of do,
 'Twou'd

'Twou'd be your ruin and disgrace,
 Nor cou'd you e'er hold up your face ;
 If you shou'd lay your legs aside,
 Or make your virgin-passage wide,
 Till you in church be made a bride ;
 Dear NANNY BROWN, if you have sense,
 Till then preserve your innocence :
 For, if your maidenhead you touch,
 The nature of the thing is such,
 'Twill slip away, and you in vain
 Shall wish to have it back again.
 And, if your belly chance to grow,
 As what may happen none can know,
 Then all the the men will from you run,
 And you, my dear, will be undone.
 But, above all things, see that you
 With my young lodger nothing do ;
 Speak not to him, for he has sense,
 And will corrupt your innocence :
 But I, your ruin to prevent,
 Will rather to his wish consent,

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Since it no harm can do to me,
But it wou'd surely ruin thee.
My husband is gone down to York,
And I'm depriv'd of nightly work ;
Since then my spouse is out of sight,
I think I'll do't this very night.

Poor simple NANNY, for her part,
Return'd her thanks with all her heart,
And said, I'll carefully obey
All your commands by night and day ;
Nay, I so close my legs will keep,
That, whether waking or asleep,
It shall not be an easy matter
For the most rampant fornicator,
Tho' he shou'd slip within my bed,
To rob me of my maidenhead.

As thus these prudent sisters talk'd,
Into the room the lodger walk'd ;
And NANNY, who had got her cue,
A court'sey made, and then withdrew.

The

The spark, who had not seen her face,
Was glad that she had left the place;
And sitting down just by her sister,
First felt her breast, then warmly kiss'd her.

Good mistress JONES, that was her name,
Told him, it was a burning shame,
Still to be kissing, at that rate,
A woman he thought out of date.

What! out of date! with great surprise
The lover said: By these dear eyes,
By all that's holy, all that's dear,
To me you handsomer appear
Than any maid in bloom of youth;
Believe me, fair one, this is truth.
Again he hugg'd, again he kiss'd,
Till she, unable to resist,
As the young rake did oft avouch,
Fell backwards on a velvet couch;
On which they did solace a while,
And in sweet love the time beguile;

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Nay more, to shew his love sincere,
 From thence adjourn'd to elbow-chair.
 The yielding dame, brimful of joy,
 With rapture kiss'd the amorous boy,
 And begg'd, when all were fast asleep,
 He'd softly to her chamber creep,
 Where he might pass the happy night,
 Within her arms, in soft delight ;
 For tho' she had oppos'd his will,
 She now would let him take his fill.

The kindly summons he obey'd,
 And in her room till morning stay'd,
 Where he so oft embrac'd the fair,
 That her fond heart was void of care ;
 Nor fear'd she that her sister's charms
 Could draw her lover from her arms.
 Alas ! said she, what fool was I,
 That did this charming youth deny ?
 No man on earth can give the joy
 I've met with from this beardless boy.

Tho'

Tho' I have known my spouse in trim,
 He's but a jest compar'd to him ;
 Happy, thrice happy shall I be
 If he continues true to me :
 And sure I need not doubt the youth,
 He is all love, he is all truth,
 He is all goodness ; and I see
 That he will slight the world for me :
 I know he's ravish'd with my charms,
 And I'll so fold him in my arms,
 That while with me he nightly lyes,
 I'll make him useless ere he rise ;
 Thus I'll secure the lovely elf,
 And keep him wholly to myself.

But mistress JONES mistook in this,
 And made the boy so often kifs,
 That he was surfeited with blifs.

'Tis certain there is not in nature
 Such an unconstant, fickle creature

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As man, who cannot be at rest
 When love once gets within his breast ;
 But when he has the fair enjoy'd,
 The faithless monster soon is cloy'd.

Our spark had now seen NANNY BROWN,
 And, tho' clad in her country-gown,
 And that his skin stuck to his bones
 Thro' his fatigues with mistress JONES,
 Yet seeing such a beauteous figure
 Restor'd him to his wonted vigour.

But yet he durst not own his flame,
 Lest it should vex the elder dame,
 With whom he still past ev'ry night,
 To her great comfort and delight,
 Till her fond heart was wholly free
 From any kind of jealousy ;
 For he to NANNY never spoke,
 But only by the way of joke,
 As long as mistress JONES was by,
 And she, poor fool, still answer'd, Fy.

But

But when her sister's back was turn'd,
 He told the idiot how he burn'd,
 How for her love he suffer'd pain,
 But all his speeches were in vain ;
 She did not understand his language,
 Nor knew she what he meant by anguish ;
 Besides, she thought it would be sin,
 Did she her sister's lover win,
 Since 'twas to save her maiden-head
 She took the lodger to her bed.
 For I must give the maid her due,
 Young NANNY was a virgin true,
 And neither love nor loving knew ;
 But, mindful of the sage advice
 Her sister gave, was always nice,
 And always seem'd to be afraid
 To hear a word the lodger said ;
 Who finding all he said was vain,
 That wit and love could nothing gain,
 He soon bethought him of a way
 That would the thoughtless fool betray :

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No more he talk'd of flames and darts
Of piercing eyes and wounded hearts,
But did at greater distance keep,
Till he had lull'd her fears asleep.

The rake at last found out a time
Was fit to execute his crime ;
When mister JONES from York returnd,
Whose coming faithful madam mourn'd,
For in her bed he nightly lay,
And scarcely left her in the day.

The lodger now resolv'd to try
This happy opportunity ;
And sitting one day by the maid,
He gravely thus to NANNY said :
My charming creature, I declare
I never saw a maid so fair
As what you was ; but I have skill,
And see that you are growing ill ;
Your eyes, that you might justly boast,
Have now much of their lustre lost ;

The

The rose and lilies on your cheek.
Are faded much within this week.

Alas ! said NANNY, what's the matter ?
In all my life I ne'er was better.
You may, said he, think what you please,
But that's a sign of your disease ;
You'll soon find out your sad mistake,
When ev'ry limb begins to ache :
Wou'd heaven these eggs had been all addle,
With which your sister mix'd your caudle,
For now the sad effects are seen.
What do you by a caudle mean ?
Poor NANNY cries, in dreadful fright ;
I still took caudle ev'ry night,
And never thought it did me harm,
For it was always sweet and warm.

'Tis true, said he, but yet the dregs
Have fill'd your belly full of eggs ;
And, dearest NANNY, I'm in fear
A brood of chickens soon appear.

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I know, my dear, 'twill be your case.
 On this the tears run down her face.
 Dear Sir, she cry'd, oppress'd with grief,
 Am I then lost past all relief?
 O how the shame my sorrow quickens?
 Must I a mother be to chickens?
 I see you are a skilful man,
 For heav'ns sake help me if you can.
 Is there no cure? Yes, yes, said he,
 If you will come this night to me,
 I'll do my best, I do assure you,
 To save your honour, and to cure you:
 Mean time, if you desire to know
 If I have told you truth or no,
 Put in your finger 'twixt your legs,
 And try if you can reach the eggs.

His wicked orders she obey'd,
 And to the place her hand convey'd;
 Then said, altho' my finger's small,
 Yet I can make no way at all,

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The passage is so very strait.
 My dear, said he, till midnight wait ;
 If then you'll to my chamber creep,
 I'll break three eggs before I sleep ;
 The rest I'll in the morning break,
 But see, my dear, you do not speak
 A single word of what I've said.
 Trust me for that reply'd the maid.

Night came, the people were asleep,
 When NANNY from her bed did creep,
 And to her longing lover went,
 Who waking lay in great content,
 Delighted with this new amour ;
 And when he heard her at the door,
 He let her in, and said, my dear,
 You now may lay aside your fear,
 This night you shall be well again ;
 But should I put you to some pain,
 I hope, my dear, you won't complain ;
 The operation is but easy,
 And I am hopeful it will please ye :

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But you must first yourself undress,
Since very much of the success
Depends upon your nakedness.

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Your cloaths would still be in my way,
And might the happy cure delay;
And, that I may do all things right,
While you unpin I'll strike a light.
Poor innocence in all obey'd,

While he her naked charms survey'd;
But, overpow'r'd with strong delight,
He could not long support the fight,
But laid her down, divorc'd her legs,
And rush'd at once amongst the eggs;
While NAN, who knew not what he did,
Her head below his bosom hid.

Of such a thing she ne'er had dream'd,
And whimp'ring ask'd him what he mean'd;
But he a young and active blade,
Amongst the eggs such havock made,
That NANNY, ravish'd with the joy,
Hugg'd to her breast the charming boy.

Then

Then looking up she faintly spoke,
I find one mighty egg is broke,
But there are many more behind ;
I hope, dear Sir, you'll be so kind
As break them all ; for, tho' the pain
Was very great, I'll bear't again,
Tho' you should use a larger peg
Than that with which you broke this egg.

He kiss'd the little innocent,
And smiling begg'd she'd be content
With what he had, for he was sure,
Without more help, to work her cure.

To shew the truth of what he spoke,
Another egg he quickly broke,
Which rais'd her joy to such a height,
That, quite transported with delight,
Her bosom heav'd, her eye-balls roll,
And raptures seiz'd her panting soul.

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But short and fleeting is our pleasure ;
The breathless youth was now at leisure
To view the nymph he had betray'd,
And gaze upon the ruin'd maid.

And sure there never was a creature
So nicely form'd in shape and feature :
Her eyes were black and sparkling too,
Her cheeks the rose and lily's hue,
Her nose was straight, and just its height,
Her lips than coral far more bright ;
Her breast two little hills of snow,
In which two rubies warmly glow ;
Tho' one might span her slender waste,
Her thighs could scarcely be embrac'd ;
Her taper legs by far excell'd
All that was ever yet beheld ;
Nor could the statues of old Greece
Shew such a fair and finish'd piece.

This charming sight inspired the boy
With love and longing after joy,

VOL. I.

F

While

While little NANNY play'd her part,
And gave him thanks with all her heart :
And, fondly kissing, said, My dear,
Should any sign of eggs appear,
Will you, to free me from my grief,
Afford poor NANNY such relief?

He swore he would. She swiftly rose,
And in a hurry pin'd her cloaths :
But, stealing gently to her bed,
Her sister knew poor NANNY's tread ;
This brought strange fancies in her head,
For guilty minds are never free
From fears, and doubts, and jealousy.

So, flyly slipping on her gown,
Up stairs she came to NANNY BROWN :
And, coming suddenly upon her,
Where have you been, my dame of honour ?
Said mistress JONES ; come, tell me sister.
Poor witlefs NANNY ran and kiss'd her.

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My dear, said she, since all is over,
 I think I may the truth discover.
 The caudles I have lately taken
 (Oh ! had the eggs been eat with bacon)
 Had sad effects; for, let me tell ye,
 They fill'd with eggs my virgin belly :
 Your lodger, blessings on his face,
 Was he who first found out my case,
 And told me what a sad disgrace
 It would be, were it understood
 That I of chickens had a brood.

}

This fill'd my tender heart with grief;
 But he, kind youth, brought quick relief;
 And said, if I'd come to his room,
 He would restore me to my bloom.

I went—he stripp'd me to the skin,
 He laid me down, thrust something in
 Just here, good sister, 'twixt my legs,
 And in an instant crush'd the eggs.

T A L E XIII.

MISS and the PARSON.

ONE day I with a lady sat,
Passing the time in harmless chat,
The parson and her daughter by,
And none besides but she and I.

The daughter was but just fifteen,
A sprightly girl as e'er was seen,
Was finely shap'd, had sparkling eyes,
And her white breasts began to rise,
By nature form'd for soft delight,
While blooming looks to love invite.

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With so much beauty, so much fire,
 She cou'd not fail to raise desire
 In youthful breasts ; but, for my part,
 She did no damage to my heart,
 For mine was fix'd long time ago,
 And can no alteration know..

By age and much experience taught,
 I now can tell a woman's thought ;
 I saw that miss was ill at ease,
 And too much warmth was her disease ;
 She yawn'd, and stretch'd, and cou'd not rest,
 While glowing cheeks her fire confess'd,
 But yet with so much life she spoke,
 That ev'ry sentence was a joke.

The parson was a learned man,
 And an instructive speech began ;
 To miss he gave some grave advice,
 And rail'd at ev'ry kind of vice :
 Women, said he, (I'm sure I'm right)
 Shou'd strive 'gainst love with all their might,

To

To that wild passion women owe
 The many sorrows that they know ;
 When love gets into youthful veins,
 It breaks the heart or turns the brains,
 And virgins often are pursuing
 What gotten brings them certain ruin ;
 How many of them have we seen
 Undone before they were fifteen ?

Pray stop a while, said angry miss ;
 Good doctor, talk no more of this ;
 More are undone by chalk and lime,
 Than by sweet love, at any time ;
 And fools, grown old, still disapprove
 Of, what they are not fit for, love.

Ah, miss ! said he, you are but young,
 And therefore shou'd restrain your tongue ;
 'Tis age and knowledge makes me talk :
 Believe me, fair one, eating chalk,
 Oatmeal, or plaister, candle-ends,
 Or any trash that most offends

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A healthy palate, yet is good,
 Compar'd to love, the worst of food :
 It fills our virgins heads with humours,
 And swells their wombs with two-leg'd tumours.

Good doctor, said the lively lass,
 Your braying shews you are an ass ;
 Think you that I will lose my bloom ?
 Or leading apes will be my doom ?
 Know, rev'rend Sir, I'm full fifteen,
 And never had the sickness green,
 Nor ever shall while there are men,
 If one suffice not, I'll have ten ;
 Thinkst you I'll fast when I can feast ?
 O times ! O manners ! said the priest :
 I hope in heav'n you only jest.

No, Sir, said she, I tell the truth,
 I'm young, and will not lose my youth :
 I guess what loving is, tho' I
 The act of love did never try ;

But,

But, to convince you that I shall,
I'll shew you I have wherewithal.
Then to the parson shew'd a fight
That made him lose his temper quite.

Mamma her wanton daughter blam'd,
And wonder'd she was not asham'd,
Saying, It was a filly pride
To shew what nature meant to hide.

Mamma, said she, what he did spy
Is full, I think, as old as I ;
And, if it thinks I've done a crime,
May hide itself another time.

TALE

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T A L E X I V .

The PRAYER-BOOK.

IN Paris, when great LEWIS reign'd,
A story happen'd, or was feign'd,
About a lady, who, with care,
Did daily mind her soul's affair :
From mass to mass she restless went,
And all her time devoutly spent ;
At ev'ry shrine her pray'rs address'd,
And twice a week her sins confess'd.
At vespers ev'ry night appear'd,
And sermons ev'ry Sunday heard ;

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And,

And, like a true repenting sinner,
 Brought always home the priest to dinner.
 'Twas only out of zeal ; for she
 From carnal thoughts was wholly free ;
 And, mindful of her soul's salvation,
 She never felt one titillation :
 The priests each Sunday to her came,
 And still were welcome to the dame.

One day—a day above the rest,
 When she had all her sins confess'd,
 She heard a preacher, who, with spirit,
 Did laugh at grace, but cry up merit ;
 And said, a charitable deed
 All other virtues did exceed :
 That Christians were as bad as Turks,
 Who did not deal in pious works.
 He did not mean to clothe the poor,
 Nor feed the hungry at the door :
 Heav'n might perhaps such acts regard,
 And in the other world reward ;

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But who to church shall make donation
 Need never doubt their souls salvation ;
 Nor vex their hearts with idle stuff ;
 Believe in church, it is enough ;
 For to the church such pow'r is giv'n,
 That she can carry you to heav'n ;
 Nay, were you all in purgatory,
 The church can send you soon to glory.

Madam believ'd each word he said,
 And, now no more of hell afraid,
 Soon as the sweet discourse was done,
 Away she to the friar run :
 Dear Sir, said she, I humbly pray
 That you wou'd dine with me to-day.
 The holy man was well content,
 While zealous madam homeward went,
 And speedily prepar'd a feast,
 For her sweet soul-comforting guest,
 Who, by some ailment in his feet,
 But slowly crawl'd along the street ;

Yet,

Yet, when he to her threshold came,
Without reflecting that the dame
Must from the window see what past,
Pull'd something out, that far surpass'd
What any layman cou'd produce,
For largeness, length, and eke for use.

Tho' madam thrice a wife had been,
The like of this she ne'er had seen ;
Yet thought a friar shou'd refrain,
From touching what seem'd so profane ;
And, tho' he only meant to piss,
She thought the priest had done amiss :
And to a neighbour shew'd the sight,
Who look'd upon it with delight ;
For she was lovely, young and gay,
And dearly lov'd the am'rous play ;
Her spouse was old, and wanted health,
And all her joys she took by stealth.
He dealt in books, and many sold,
And had his coffers cramm'd with gold ;

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Within his shop his time was past,
And thought his wife exceeding chaste ;
But she had something else to mind,
And was to many a lover kind.

At last the priest put up his pipe,
While zealous madam, weeping ripe,
Begg'd him to wash his hands, that he
From all pollution might be free.

Madam, I know not what you mean,
Said he, I'm sure my hands are clean,
Since I have nothing touch'd to-day,
Except the book on which I pray.

'Tis well, reply'd old FOLIO's wife,
'Tis very well upon my life,
I'd wish my spouse less store of pelf,
Had he such books on ev'ry shelf.

TALE

T A L E X V .

The FILTHY BEAST.

A Batchelor of forty-nine,
A foe to love, a friend to wine,
Had led an honest soaking life,
Without the burden of a wife ;
But, as he found his age come on,
He likewise found his money gone ;
No business he understood,
And, wanting drink, and wanting food,
To an old widow full of pelf
He prudently address'd himself.

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Widow, said he, I'm come to woo,
 Yet know not what to say or do;
 I'm forty years, nay, something more,
 But never was in love before:
 Yet I have try'd the wanton game,
 And think that I can please a dame:
 My limbs are brawny, nose is long,
 My shoulders broad, my back is strong;
 And I have ever liv'd in health;
 Thus I have told you all my wealth:
 To cheat a widow I'd be loth,
 But you've enough to serve us both.

At this discourse she was amaz'd,
 And at the spark with wonder gaz'd;
 For, tho' advanc'd in years, the dame
 Was a great lover of the game,
 Yet had she never gone astray,
 But lov'd it in a lawful way,
 And her last husband often told,
 She brib'd him to it with her gold:

Yet,

Yet she was such a hypocrite,
As still to rail at the delight,
And call him *filthy beast* when she
Was happy to the last degree.

But in his grave he now was laid,
And she, poor woman, was afraid,
Since youth was gone, she would no more
Enjoy the bliss as heretofore :
But when the batchelor told his tale,
Her wrinkled cheeks grew red and pale,
Her heart within her bosom burn'd,
And all her former lust return'd ;
A trembling seiz'd on every limb,
And faltering thus she spoke to him :

Kind Sir, if you the truth have told,
You're welcome to me and my gold ;
I shall be yours this very day,
Let's go to church, I hate delay.

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The jolly lover was content,
 And hand in hand away they went :
 The honest parson ty'd them fast,
 And long'd-for night arriv'd at last :
 Two candles near the bed were plac'd,
 That from the room the darkness chac'd ;
 The doating bride believ'd the light
 Would raise their joy to greater height,
 And fondly thought it was her charms,
 That made him court her to his arms,
 Altho' the man had fairly told,
 His love was mostly to her gold.

To bed they went, the lustful bride
 No longer could her wishes hide,
 But whisper'd softly in his ear,
 Begin the sport, begin, my dear ;
 I'm ready for you, pray make haste,
 Then clasp'd him kindly round the waste ;
 And looking down beheld a sight,
 That fill'd her heart with great delight :
On

On that old goody backwards fell,
 What happen'd next I cannot tell ;
 But she declar'd, upon her life,
 Tho' she had been four times a wife,
 Such real joys she ne'er had felt,
 Nor had with such a husband dealt.
 She kiss'd his bosom, lips and eyes,
 And view'd his members with surprise,
 While he, to shew he was a man,
 The wanton play again began ;
 She call'd him wicked lustful beast,
 Yet prest him closely to her breast.

He thought that this might well suffice,
 And ne'er design'd to do it thrice ;
 But, lying tamely by her side,
 He smiling said, Pray tell me, bride,
 Was your last spouse a man of might ?
 Could he perform thus twice a-night,
 As I have done ? Alas ! she cry'd,
 That husband would not be deny'd,

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He did it nine times at the least ;

'Tis true he was a *filthy beast*.

The bridegroom said, and gave a nod,
A very *filthy beast*, by G—d

T A L E

T A L E XVI.

The APOCRYPHA.

'TIS very odd to see how zeal
O'er sense and reason doth prevail,
And makes its votaries commit
A thousand actions are unfit,
And, following that hair-brained guide,
Virtue and morals lay aside.

To prove the truth of what I've said,
I'll give an instance of a maid,
Who liv'd in Glasgow at the time
When conventicling was a crime

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Severely punish'd by the law,
Which made most people stand in awe:
But JANET trudg'd from hill to hill,
And thought she ne'er could get her fill;
In frosts and snows, in winds and rains,
Would six hours hear their raving strains;
And such her zeal, that she did call
The legal clergy priests of BAAL:
Bishops were an abomination,
Whose pride, she said, would sink the nation.

An aunt, who heard of JANET's fame,
To see her niece to Glasgow came:
JANET bewail'd the evil times,
Broke covenants, and crying crimes,
Then freely rail'd at church and state,
At whoring CHARLES and papist KATE;
Nor let the Duke of York alone,
But call'd him imp of Babylon.

The whining aunt was pleas'd to find
Her niece so zealously inclin'd;

And,

And, that she might continue true,
 Gave her a bible bound in blue,
 And neatly gilt; on this they part.
 The present pleas'd her to the heart;
 She look'd upon it with delight,
 But soon she saw a dreadful sight,
 For, as she turn'd it o'er with care,
 Behold th' APOCRYPHA was there:
 On this her joy was turn'd to rage,
 And she tore out each guilty page.

But zeal oft carries folks too far,
 And they may do, ere they're aware,
 What they may afterwards repent,
 As I shall shew you in th' event.

Next Sunday morning, long ere day,
 JANET from Glasgow took her way,
 To hear a preacher of renown
 For railing at the church and crown;
 The way was long, she had no guide,
 But her lop'd bible by her side;

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The place of meeting, well she knew,
Was at a hill above Renfrew.

At last she reach'd the long'd for place,
And heard the man brimful of grace ;
With so much energy he spoke,
As would have rent a heart of oak :
He had the scriptures at command,
And said that God would judge the land
By them, his dear and chosen people,
Who should' demolish every steeple,
Pull out their bishops, tear their gowns,
And bind their troopers and dragoons ;
But peace and wealth to them would grant
Who stood firm to the covenant.
Six hours in such wild rants he past,
But let his hearers go at last,
Who left the hill with great content,
And to their homes rejoicing went,
While zealous JANET, for her part,
Declar'd the sermon reach'd her heart.

But

But, as thro' Crookston wood she came,
 An accident befel the dame :
 A handsome fellow, young and strong,
 Who had in vain lov'd JANET long,
 Lay fast a-sleep beneath an oak,
 But JANET soon his slumbers broke :
 She call'd his name ; he rais'd his eyes,
 And look'd on JANET with surprise ;
 Then starting up, cry'd out, My dear,
 I did not dream to see you here :
 Will you sit down and rest a while ?
 Then gaz'd upon her with a smile.

The pious JANET was content,
 But flyly to the thicket went.
 He kiss'd her hand, she nothing said,
 Then with her lovely bosom play'd :
 Upon her lips he seiz'd in haste,
 And threw his arms around her waste :
 He fear'd he might offend the dame ;
 But she, whose blood was all on flame,
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With open lips receiv'd the kiss,
 And did at once his fears dismiss.
 Their mouths were close together glu'd,
 His purpose he with warmth pursu'd ;
 Upon the grass he gently laid
 The lovely and consenting maid :
 He could not stay to view her charms,
 But rush'd at once into her arms ;
 Then laid her charming legs aside,
 While JANET had no power to chide ;
 But did in every thing comply,
 And scorn'd to give a single cry.

This rapture took their speech away,
 And out of breath they silent lay,
 But, after a long burning kiss,
 He mounted to renew the bliss ;
 And, smiling, let his dearest know,
 Her lovely buttocks lay too low.

The fair one, listning to his speech,
 Her bible clap'd below her breech ;

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And,

And, as she heav'd, she sighing said,
 Alas ! I am a silly maid :
 A curse upon the luckless day,
 I tore th' *Apocrypha* away,
 And threw it in the cruel fire,
 It would have rais'd my buttocks higher,
 And might have help'd me at a pinch;
 But now my zeal has lost an inch.

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T A L E X V H .

The N U N .

From RABELAIS.

FEW arguments it will require
To prove, that, when a nun and frier
Are left together in a cell,
They will do something else than tell
Their rosary. A man's a man ;
And 'tis not silly vows that can
Subdue the heart of wild desire,
Nor cool nor quench their lustful fire.

Of flesh and blood the nuns are form'd;
 And their soft hearts are quickly storm'd;
 Altho' ten thousand oaths they swear,
 They can't the least confinement bear;
 And, tho' in curst cloister pent,
 That may their wish'd escape prevent,
 Yet nature still will find a vent;
 And I am told some women can
 Do very near as much as man,
 And others have found out a sport,
 To please them, of another sort.

But these are secrets past my skill,
 Yet let them practise what they will,
 They of these bawbles quickly tire,
 If they can get a priest or frier.

But what I say will pass for nought,
 Unless examples can be brought.
 To vouch the truth which I advance,
 Long, long ago there was in France

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A charming nun, who was beguil'd,
Or, in plain English, was with child.
The lady abbess, in despair,
Her garments rent and tore her hair,
And, overpow'r'd with rage, did call
The nuns together to the hall ;
The guilty nun came with the rest,
And not the least concern express'd.

To her the angry abbess spoke,
You strumpet, who our laws have broke,
Tell me, as you would shun damnation,
And as you hope your soul's salvation,
Who got that child ? She gravely said,
For aught I know I am a maid :
For, madam, and at that she smil'd,
I'm sure I never bore a child.

That's not enough, the abbess cry'd,
Your guilt, you slut, can't be deny'd ;
Your belly's like to burst its skin,
Come, tell me, whore, who thrust it in.

The

The pregnant nun began to laugh,
 To see the abbess in a chaff,
 Then said, Since you desire to know
 To whom I this great belly owe,
 I'll honestly the truth declare,
 And all the steps of this affair.
 On Whitsun's eve, sev'n months ago,
 The time I must exactly know,
 As on my bed I sleepless lay,
 Young father STIFFRUMP came that way,
 My door he open'd, ventur'd in ;
 I just had stripp'd me to the skin ;
 My nakedness I could not hide ;
 The frier laid his frock aside ;
 Faith, madam, had you seen that sight,
 It would have giv'n your heart delight,
 At least, I'm sure it gave to mine ;
 You know his face and shapes are fine.
 I ne'er had seen a naked man,
 And to admire him straight began :
 I gaz'd upon his lovely shape,
 Nor did I let one charm escape ;

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But, O! what raptures seiz'd my heart
 When I beheld a certain part!
 A sight I ne'er had seen before;
 With joy I view'd it o'er and o'er;
 So long, so large, and so erect,
 That in my soul it rais'd respect;
 I guess'd its use, and wish'd that he
 Would make the experiment on me,
 And as I wish'd the frier did,
 And the dear object wholly hid
 Where you may guess; my heart doth melt
 To think upon the joy I felt.

The abbess said, You wicked jade,
 Why did not you cry out for aid?
 Ah! madam, madam, said the nun,
 The deed was in the dorture done,
 And sure you know, as well as I,
 We dare not in the dorture cry.

'Tis true, the fretting abbess said,
 But, when you found yourself betray'd,
 Why

Why did you not by making signs,
Discover all his lewd designs ?

At this the merry nun laugh'd loud,
And said, I did all that I cou'd ;
I heav'd my buttocks to and fro,
And that way did my danger show :
But 'twas in vain ; no friendly nun
To help a ruin'd sister run.

Yet, said the abbess, you're to blame ;
Why did you not declare your shame
Soon as the wicked deed was done ?
Alas ! reply'd the wanton nun,
I was a young and silly maid,
And so of consequence afraid
The deed would send me down to hell ;
So, ere the frier left the cell,
I all my sins to him confess'd,
Who kindly set my soul at rest,
And, for a penance, did impose
I never should the thing disclose.

T A L E

T A L E XVIII.

The WAY to LEARN.

I'VE heard it said in Lei'ster-shire
There liv'd a young and simple squire,
Who, led by custom, took a wife
To be the comfort of his life.

The maid was young and wondrous fair,
And had a most engaging air :
The brainless squire believ'd that he
Was happy to the last degree ;
All day he gaz'd upon her charms,
And nightly lock'd her in his arms.

Madam, who wish'd for something more,
The sheets for very anger tore.
A week this joyless life she led,
And only shar'd her husband's bed ;
Till, quite o'ercome with discontent,
She to the honest parson went.

Kind Sir, said she, oppress'd with grief,
I come to you to ask relief ;
'Twas you, who, at my friends desire,
Did join me to this booby squire ;
Eight days I've been his wife, and more,
Yet I'm a virgin as before ;
No sort of joy with him I find,
He doth not serve me after kind ;
He either manhood wants, or skill,
Since I am what I told you still.

'Tis very hard, the parson said,
That one so fair should be a maid,
Yet have a husband—on my life,
If I had got you for a wife,

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That moment I had got to bed
 You should have lost your maidenhead ;
 I had employ'd the precious time,
 And taught you joys that are sublime :
 But, since it was not heav'n's decree,
 Pray send your idle spouse to me,
 I shall instruct him in the art,
 And make him act a husband's part.
 Away she run in great content,
 And to the priest her husband sent ;
 Where, being seated by the fire,
 The parson said, My worthy squire,
 To me you make a goodly figure,
 And seem to be a man of vigour ;
 How do you like a married life ?
 And which way do you use your wife ?
 I hope the nuptial joys you've try'd.
 To this the simple squire reply'd,
 Great are my joys, I must confess,
 No language can my joys express ;
 All day I hug, all day I kiss,
 And toy away my hours in bliss ;

All

All night within my arms she lyes,
I kiss her bosom, lips and eyes ;
Like lambs or kids we sportful play,
And harmless pass our time away.

The parson shook his head at this,
And said, If you do nought but kiss,
Small entertainment she will find ;
Do you ne'er serve her after kind ?

The squire, at this, astonish'd sat,
And ask'd him what he meant by that.

The parson at his dulness star'd,
And bid him look into the yard.
Behold, said he, the turkey-cock,
Who doth your want of knowledge mock ;
I beg you would his actions mind,
He serves his female after kind :
Should brutes more wisdom have than you,
And teach your worship what to do ?

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The squire beheld the cock with wonder,
 And saw him hold his female under :
 He thank'd the parson for his care,
 And to his dearest did repair.
 My life, said he, I blush for shame,
 And freely own I've been to blame ;
 For, tho' I doted on your charms,
 And held you in my loving arms,
 In duty I have been behind,
 And never serv'd you after kind ;
 From ignorance my error sprung,
 You know I'm thoughtless, simple, young ;
 The parson, blessings on his heart,
 Has shewn me how to play my part.

This said, he gave a kind embrace,
 And turn'd the fair one on her face,
 Her hair he in his teeth did seize,
 And bounc'd her buttocks with his knees ;
 All that he saw the turkey do
 He did, and made her black and blue.

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'Th' offended wife cry'd out with pain,
And begg'd he'd see the priest again ;
But lest, my dear, that you shou'd make
Another blunder or mistake,
I'll go with you : he was content,
And to the parson joyful went.

He welcom'd them ; the squire begun,
And, laughing, told what he had done ;
Like any turkey-cock I trod ;
But angry madam gave a nod,
And said, The wicked man says true,
He trod my limbs both black and blue,
And now you see my sorrow mocks ;
Pray what care I for turkey-cocks ?
He's very dull, it ne'er will do,
Unless he's better taught by you.

| The wanton parson took the hint,
And, smiling, said, The devil's in't,
Since my advice and precepts fail,
If demonstration don't prevail :

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Good squire, look well on what I do,
 And, if this method you pursue,
 You shall the joys of wedlock find,
 And serve my lady after kind.

No more he said, but gravely led
 The willing fair one to the bed,
 Upon her back he laid her down,
 Pull'd up her petticoat and gown,
 And ev'ry thing lay in his way,
 Then did begin the wanton play.
 While thus they did themselves employ,
 Th' attentive squire look'd on with joy ;
 He did not shew the least concern,
 But look'd with a design to learn ;
 Each motion he observ'd with care :
 But, when the parson and the fair
 Entranc'd in height of rapture lay,
 He knew not what to do or say ;
 He fear'd the happy pair were dead,
 At last she faintly rais'd her head,

And

And said, Sweet doctor, I intreat
 You wou'd again the joy repeat ;
 Kind Sir, I tell you with concern,
 My husband's dull and slow to learn,
 And what you've done will be in vain,
 Unless you shew it once again.

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T A L E X I X .

The D R E A M .

WHY man, that makes a just pretence
To understanding and to sense,
Shou'd chuse to live in care and strife,
And sell himself a slave for life,
When ev'ry creature else, but he,
Enjoys the sweets of liberty,
Is what I never cou'd pretend
To understand or comprehend.

The wiser brutes, when they're inclin'd
T' increase and multiply their kind,
Indulge

Indulge in lust, but, when 'tis o'er,
Continue free as heretofore ;
But only man, for love or pelf,
In wedlock-fetters tyes himself.

'Tis said the storks and turtle-doves
Are ever faithful in their loves ;
Yet I believe that none, or few,
Can vouch this story to be true ;
But, for avoiding all disputes,
I'll own the folly of some brutes,
While there are thousands on our side,
Who follow nature for their guide.

We're told that when the world was new,
Of human kind there were but two ;
Those to each other were confin'd,
They cou'd not change had they inclin'd :
But, when the race of man increas'd,
That custom with its reason ceas'd ;
To stock the world more wives they took,
And joyless constancy forsook :

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Nor did the saints this practice shun;
 Heav'n's chosen DAVID, and his son,
 Of wives and whores had so great store,
 And so much love to women bore,
 That, it is left us on record,
 For women they forfook the Lord.

But now the world draws near its end,
 Such doings wou'd in kings offend :
 One wife is all the law allows,
 And if he wearies of his spouse,
 And in his bosom feels a flame,
 Rais'd by a fairer, brighter dame,
 Nay, tho' he's ravish'd with her charms,
 And she consents to bless his arms,
 Yet, spite of all his pow'r and wealth,
 He must enjoy the fair by stealth,
 Nay, bribe her high——kings must do this,
 And give a province for a kiss.

But why a man, whose highest pay
 Doth not exceed a groat a day,

Should

Should knowingly disturb his life,
 And take the burden of a wife,
 To swallow up the half he has,
 Doth very far my skill surpass;
 Yet such the folly of mankind,
 That what I say you'll often find
 Is certain truth. Upon a time,
 A lusty fellow, for the crime
 Of breaking orchards, stealing fruit,
 Was sent away for a recruit.
 He scarce cou'd live upon his pay,
 Which was but four pence ev'ry day;
 Poor was his food, and weak his drink,
 But small incitements, one wou'd think,
 To love or lust; yet thoughtless sot,
 He chose to live on half a groat;
 For to a strum, one luckless day,
 He gave his heart and hand away,
 And tho' he little had to spare,
 He gave her twopence to her share..

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Tho' wretched poor, it rais'd his pride
 To look upon his lovely bride ;
 For truth, to give the slut her due,
 LEAH was young and lovely too.
 But soon she did some freedoms take,
 Made EDWARD's heart and forehead ake ;
 For in the camp she often went,
 To see the captain in his tent.

On this poor NED held down his head,
 He thought enough, but nothing said ;
 With care and jealousy oppress'd,
 He lost his stomach and his rest ;
 He watch'd her actions all the day,
 And in his arms she nightly lay.
 Three men lay in the tent beside
 Our soldier and his wanton bride ;
 But he, to make the matter sure,
 And LEAH from all harm secure,
 And his own cuckoldom prevent,
 Made her ly inmost in the tent.

NED,

NED, with this caution pleas'd, began
To think himself a cunning man :
But men, who take the greatest care,
The fate of others often share.

Ye husbands, be assur'd of this,
Whene'er your wives incline to kifs,
They'll do't in spite of all your skill,
And cuckold you whene'er they will ;
So when they mean to go astray,
In God's name let them have their way.
With LEAH this was just the case ;
Tho' lying nightly, face to face,
With cautious EDWARD, yet her spark
Came slyly to her in the dark,
And from the tent stole out a pin,
Then slipp'd part of his body in,
Attacking LEAH in the rear,
Tho' in her arms she held her dear.

Thus did she pass in joy the night,
And gave the captain great delight ;

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Her happy EDWARD's heart was free
From any kind of jealousy ;
For LEAH grew sedate and grave,
And like a matron did behave,
Yet thus her nights in love employ'd,
Nor was the loving captain cloy'd.

But they were once in mighty fear ;
For as the lover left the rear,
Quite satisfy'd with am'rous joys,
The husband wak'd, and heard the noise,
And, turning to the other side,
Blind fortune did his fingers guide
On what to LEAH gave delight,
And cuckold made him ev'ry night.
The captain quickly left the tent,
And to his own in silence went.

But EDWARD's heart began to ake,
Till his chaste LEAH seem'd to wake,
Who, to avoid domestic strife,
Thus artfully began: My life,

I've

I've had a dream so very odd,
 I wish it may no mischief bode;
 I dream'd a dog was in the tent,
 Who to my buttocks straightway went,
 And lick'd about a certain part,
 The fright has wak'd me in a start;
 Did e'er you hear a dream so odd?
 It was, said he, no dream, by G—d;
 For I protest to you, my dear,
 The saucy cur just now was here,
 For in my hand his tongue I got,
 And wou'd have tore it from his throat,
 For licking at the place he did,
 But that it through my fingers slid.

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T A L E X X .

The SELF-DENY'D.

THE other day I heard a tale
From Glasgow, fam'd for rum and zeal,
For fighting husbands, praying wives,
For looks precise, and cheating lives,
Of a young woman full of grace,
The most admir'd of all the place,
Who twenty sermons could tell o'er,
Tho' preach'd above six months before ;
In week-day sermons took delight,
And ev'ning lectures ev'ry night.

VOL. I.

H

She

She always spoke in scripture phrase,
 And trod in sanctified ways,
 Till, tempted by her holy life,
 A merchant ask'd her for his wife.

Good friend, said she, I'm not to learn,
 That in a thing of such concern,
 A woman cannot be too nice,
 But of the Lord shou'd ask advice ;
 And, if he leaves me in the dark,
 I'll ask his servant Mr. CLARK.

This answer fill'd the man with hope,
 Who went contented to his shop,
 While godly MARY went to pray'r,
 And counsel ask'd in her affair.
 Then to her pious pastor walk'd,
 And of the merchant's offer talk'd ;
 Where, after many to's and fro's,
 He answer'd sagely thro' the nose :
 Beloved MARY, babe of grace,
 I have consider'd on your case ;

The

The merchant leads a pious life,
 And well deserves a godly wife,
 And I believe, upon the matter,
 That neither of you can do better :
 Heav'n bless you both, and may he be
 A comforter and help to thee.

She went away in great content,
 And for the loving merchant sent,
 Told him that Mr. CLARK approv'd,
 And all her scruples were remov'd.
 The marriage-day was fix'd on this,
 But MARY still deny'd the kiss.

Three Sundays pass'd in proclamation,
 For all was manag'd with discretion :
 They marry'd were, and at their feasts
 The clergy were the only guests ;
 In place of mirth, and merry airs,
 Were exhortations, psalms, and pray'rs.
 The bride, at last, away was led,
 The merchant follow'd her to bed.

H 2

CLARK

CLARK made a long and pithy pray'r,
Spread out his hands, and bless'd the pair:
Amen, cry'd out the wry-mouth'd crew,
And, sighing, from the room withdrew.

The merchant, who was called JOHN,
With his dear MARY left alone,
Her mouth and lovely bosom kiss'd,
Nor did the bride at all resist;
But when his hand he lower thrust,
Pray JOHN, said she, beware of lust,
And take your busy hand away,
Then listen, JOHN, to what I say.

The scripture says, and it says true,
We should all filthy thoughts subdue;
But what you drive at is no less
Than chambering and wantonness.
King SOLOMON the wise, the good,
Tho' many things he understood,
Has, in his book of Proverbs, said,
The way of a man with a maid

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To him was a deep mystery :
 Would you be wiser, JOHN, than he ?
 Let us live pure and undefil'd,
 Not by the world and flesh beguil'd;
 Resisting lust and each temptation,
 And thus work out our souls salvation :
 Dear JOHN, if you'll be rul'd in this,
 I'll greet you with a holy kiss.

The bridegroom, with her lecture vext,
 Said, You have quite mistook the text,
 Else tell me, MARY, where's the sense
 Of giving due benevolence ?
 Then quoted twenty scriptures more :
 But she continu'd as before,
 And, spite of all the bridegroom said,
 Hop'd in the Lord to die a maid ;
 She would her body keep from sin,
 Nor let the least defilement in.

Tho' JOHN was young and full of vigour,
 And MARY was a lovely figure,

He did not care to be at strife,
The very first night, with his wife ;
And therefore let her rest till day,
Then made another vain essay,
For godly MARY would not grant
To JOHN the thing that JOHN did want.

This much displeas'd the honest man,
Who dress'd himself, and straightway ran
To Mr. CLARK, and told his case,
How that his wife, mistaking grace,
The conjugal embrace deny'd,
Altho' in holy wedlock ty'd :
'Then begg'd that he would let her know
That she did wrong in doing so.

The holy man first sigh'd, then said,
I'll commune with the erring maid,
And hope by scripture proofs to make
Sweet MARY part with her mistake ;
But I must tell you, honest friend,
Her modesty I much commend,

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Since, trust me, JOHN, 'tis very rare,
To meet a woman, young and fair,
That can, in spite of titillation,
Resist the lawful sweet temptation :
'Tis good to guard against the devil,
And shun th' appearances of evil.

This said, conducted by her spouse,
Away he went to MARY's house,
And, being left with her alone,
He thus begun : Thy husband JOHN
Has made a sad complaint to me,
That from his will you disagree,
And that your body you deny,
When he the wedlock joys would try.
MARY, in this you are-unjust,
And what is lawful you call lust:
The Lord did marriage institute
Ere eating the forbidden fruit ;
And EVE with ADAM did agree,
Else where had been posterity ?

You've

You've heard how, in a married life,
 The husband should cleave to the wife :
 But how can JOHN that law obey,
 When you are cross, and answer nay ?
 Believe me, MARY, you are wrong,
 Your body doth to JOHN belong ;
 And it is sin if you refuse
 What he by law is free to use.
 My godly wife, and all the wives
 In Glasgow, who lead praying lives,
 Whene'er their husbands think it fit,
 Most chearfully in this submit.
 You now have chang'd your state of life,
 Then be a kind complying wife.

'Twas thus the rev'rend man advis'd,
 Nor was his good advice despis'd ;
 Sweet MARY thank'd him for his care,
 And begg'd that they might join in pray'r,
 For asking counsel and direction,
 For conduct and divine protection.

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He pray'd, and then the virgin bride
 Confess'd that she was edify'd ;
 That, by the help of grace and pray'r,
 She had got light in this affair ;
 So, after Mr. CLARK was gone,
 And she and spouse were left alone,
 She warmly kiss'd the loving man,
 And, smiling on him, thus began :
 Dear friend, I have been in the wrong,
 But will not so continue long ;
 The holy man was in the right,
 I'll do what you desire at night ;
 But if till then you're loath to stay,
 You only have the word to say,
 I know my duty's to obey.
 Your purpose you may now fulfil,
 And use your handmaid as you will.

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The husband's heart was full of joy,
 To find the bride no longer coy,
 Yet did not dally, like a fool,
 To give the fair one time to cool ;

But

But, with a thousand kisses, led
 The silent MARY to the bed,
 Where like a lamb she passive lay,
 For she knew nothing of the way;
 But soon he did her legs divide,
 And in a moment made the bride
 Cry out, For God and heav'n's sake, JOHN,
 O let—O let the thing alone!
 Is this the conjugal delight?
 O cruel JOHN—you kill me quite!
 But, now 'tis in—'tis in—she cry'd,
 If God, by this, were glorify'd,
 If it be for your dear soul's gain,
 Tho' verily it gave me pain,
 I'd wish it ne'er come out aga'n.

}

End of Volume first.

